



SORIN CERIN – OBJECTS OF WORSHIP
- philosophical poems-

SORIN CERIN

**OBJECTS
OF
WORSHIP**

Philosophical poems

2017

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Critical appreciations about the poetry of meditation

PhD Professor Al Cistelecan within the heading Avant la lettre, under the title Between reflection and attitude, appeared in the magazine Familia nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, Al Cistelecan considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that:

"From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry, relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of the Non-sense of the Existence, from here the poems "of meditation".

One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tends to mix where

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not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality.

Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual.

Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passionnal, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies.

Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations).

But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the listing, any references to immediately, whether biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin, undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions.

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They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified.

Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyrism.

One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized , or panic in front of majesty of the word.

Usually the uppercase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert.

It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the uppercase, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence.

The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated - pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation.

It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant.

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How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what wants to coagulate around certain cores conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions, making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical.

But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," " the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification.

On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discursive), but and one of uniformity.

Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such.

But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing (the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism).

On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates.

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Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions).

The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions.

Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimental again).

The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm (cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence".

It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially highlights discursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation.

So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today.

Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God,

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Good. ", but and others, no less provocative and" infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen, than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith (Stefan Borbely highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism.

For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life ".

It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems.

From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive, no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections. "

PhD Professor Elvira Sorohan - An existentialist poet of the 21st Century

To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", which refers to an article written by Magda Cârneci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in România literară, "Romania literary", where specified what namely is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin,

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from, Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title An existentialist poet of the 21st century, that:

Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined by Magda Cârneci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain.

Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in România literară, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking."

Paraphrasing it on Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three).

The cause identified by Magda Cârneci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation.

It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated rationally, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation.

Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration.

I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces ?

And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question that arises is the following: how do we to

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have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised <inspiration>, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged ".

We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made.

The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist.

I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Non - sense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest.

After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters.

It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialist, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems.

Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background, and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new.

And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny.

It is the King biblical, an, existentialist *avant la lettre*.

He discovers that " weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind".

What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX,

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and, XX, from Kierkegaard and up to Sartre, with specific nuances.

A poem in the terms, of the existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not finally, by the power of the return over of the self.

It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration.

Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas.

But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what perspective, intellectual and emotional, them develop the poet.

Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in an another topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new , some daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church.

Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you them read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another.

The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric.

Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged.

At the level of language, the same vocabulary, well-tuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and

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new phrases with updates related to today's environment, and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin".

It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails".

The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases.

The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life".

Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence".

Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd," "Silence," "Death," "Eternity", "Absolute Truth", "Dream", "Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others.

The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society".

Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea.

Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside.

Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter.

Rain of uppercase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems.

And more there's a particularity, the punctuation.

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After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse.

Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas.

The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like *Hierarchy of the Vanity*.

But it's not the only one.

Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility.

The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", à la Sartre, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence.

I sent at the poem, Industry Meat Existential: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb without limits, of the Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, / ... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage of highest quality of the Hopelessness. "

What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense, nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation contained in these volumes.

If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the "word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as and the force of renewal of poetry.

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Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as the poet says.

At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of certain words, those from existentialist semantics.

Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of Memories".

In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of brothels of Newspapers ...".

Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual, grotesque: "At butchery of Words, / in the street corner of the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of meanings for fried ...".

And with this fragment I have illustrated the originality resentful word combinations, which give free course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence.

Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days ..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection ...".

Here the words came back to poetry.

But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century .

This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose

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symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less.

From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness."

The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging.

The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament.

He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self.

In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry The Hierarchy of the Vanity, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd.

It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread."

The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self.

|| Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of ourselves. || ruined the Weakness , / ... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. || ...

Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities?

Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and

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insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a Sens what we will not him know, never. "

Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral.

It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in.

Our life, the poet laments in the Feline Existential: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." / ... "Empty promises / and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make, Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes politicians, of the moment ".

Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of principle.

Absolutely current target is even more evident when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes / hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp sparingly each, Moment ... ".

Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific words from the language of the great existentialist thinker who was the mystic Kierkegaard.

After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin , update hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many

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other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the frenchman Gabriel Marcel.

Perhaps the most dense in complementary concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the first volume, is Lewdness.

Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in relationship through inversion with sense, again very serious accusatory, like the one with address at "monastery".

Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes such poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God.

The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship ./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?"

The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd.

Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books.

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Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity".

Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case.

But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time.

Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda Cârneci, but he must beware of the danger of remaining an *artifex*, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess.

Ana Blandiana: "The poetry of meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold. "

PhD Professor Theodor Codreanu: "Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker, of, a great mobility of the mind, who controls masterfully the antitheses, joining them oxymoronically, or alternating them chiasmatic, in issues with major stakes from our spiritual and social life. Poetry from, the Free Will, is an extension of his manner of

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meditation, imbuing it with a suitable dose of kynism (within the meaning given to the word by Peter Sloterdijk), succeeding, simultaneously the performance, of to remain in the authentic lyricism even when blames "Ravens vulgar, necrophiliacs and necrophagous, of the Dreams".

PhD Professor Ioan Holban : "About the expressiveness and richness of meanings transmitted to the Other, by silence, Lucian Blaga wrote anthological pages. The poet of today writes, in Great Silences, a poetry of religious sentiment, not of pulpit, but, in thought with God, in meditation and in the streak of lightning of thought toward the moment of Creation. Sorin Cerin's poetry is of an other Cain wandering in the wilderness, keeping still fragments from the joy of Eden, to exit from "Vise" of the world, where, at the fallen man, collapses the horizon of soul, in the rains of fire and traces of lead. "

PhD Professor Maria Ana Tupan : "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays. The notification of tragicalness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, original sin of ... God who must be conceived the evil world through adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bibles desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican:

[...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation,

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on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled, with graffiti by Devil,

If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh ... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ternal reality and as existentialist project ".

PhD Professor Mircea Muthu: "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured."

"Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire".

PhD Professor Cornel Ungureanu : "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a

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reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title. "

PhD Professor Ion Vlad : "Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book " The Great Silences ", " poems of meditation ". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of SILENCE, topos of the doubts, of the audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism ".

Ph.D. Lecturer Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu: "Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Cluj, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Blaga (through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Arghezi. The very title of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Arghezi bearing the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken

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mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, and affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that - shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the interference of a time and of a space reached 'at the end of border "- gives birth, in the litany, *'a rebours*, the signs of creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love".

PhD Professor Călin Teutisan: "Poetry of Sorin Cerin proclaim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. "

PhD Professor Cornel Moraru: "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious

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rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy ... "

PhD Professor Ovidiu Moceanu: "Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status, by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence" has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter" ... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension, in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full living of the meaning of existence. "

PhD Professor Dumitru Chioaru: "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic? - It's hard to determine in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin . The author, them incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, *poeta vates*, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word ".

PhD Professor Stefan Borbely: "Spirit deeply and sincerely religious, Sorin Cerin desperate search for the diamond hidden in the darkness of the rubble, of the ashes. A whole arsenal of the modernity negative - cups of the wilderness, water of the forgetfulness, slaughterhouses, the feast continuous of suffering, monkey of rotten wood, etc., etc. - is called to denounce in his lyrics, "lethal weapons of

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the consumer society" and "the madhouse" of the alienation by merchantability of our everyday existence. The tone is apodictically, passionate, prophetic, does not admit shades or replicas. "The new steps of faith" are enunciated peremptorily as hope of the salvation collective, "divine light" it shimmers in, deliverer, at end, still distant of the torture, but on the moment, the poet seems to be preoccupied exclusively rhetoric eschatological, glimpsing decadence, resignation moral or ruins almost everywhere where it can to walk or look "

Gheorghe Andrei Neagu: "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from " From the eyes of the divine light, page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality"

Marian Odangiu: "Lyrical poetry of Sorin Cerin is one, of, the essential questions: the relationship of the Being with the Divinity, in a world of increasingly more distorted by point of view of value, -and distortionary the same time!-, disappearance of some fundamental benchmarks - attracting after themselves of interrogations overwhelming, and infinite anxieties - absence all more disturbing of some Truths, which to pave the way to Salvation, deep doubts demotivating on the Meaning of Life, absurd raised at the rank of existential reason, feeds the fear and anxieties of the poet. Such, his lyrics develop a veritable rhetoric of despair, in which, like an insect hallucinated of Light, the author launching unanswered questions, seeking confirmations where these entered from

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far in dissolution, sailing pained, but lucid, through images and metaphors elevated and convincing poignancy, builds apocalyptic scenarios about Life, Love and Death ... "

Eugen Evu: "... Books seem to be objects of worship - culture - own testament of a ceremonial ... of, the neo-knowledge, Socratic-Platonic under sign, " the General Governing of the Genesis " for instance. What is worth considered is also, the transparent imperative of the author to communicate in native language, Romanian. The loneliness attributed the Sacred, is however of the human being, in her hypostasis reductive, of the human condition How Vinea wrote the poet sees his ideas, or the mirroring in the ' room with mirrors ' of the universal library. A destiny, of course, personal, largely assumed, nota bene. In the volume, the Political, at the extreme of H. R. Patapievici poet is well cognizant of the problem Eliade, of the "fall of the human in politikon zoon"... Between rationalism and irrationalism, Sorin Cerin sailing on the Interconnection Ocean. "

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1. Contagious disease

I'm so without me,
that, I may consider my Death,
Birth,
on the meadows of the depressed Words,
where I was feeding my Silkworms,
of the Questions,
if they longer want,
to eat,
from the Premonition of Eternity,
one Moment of Immortality,
from which, anyway,
I have not carved anymore,
the Blood of your Future,
through the Chisel of Love,
and then, I will drown,
my Destiny,
killed by the contagious disease,
of to be a God,
good-for-nothing,
who to destroy us with His Forgetfulness,
the Illusions of Life, Happiness and Death,
lost in the pregnant womb of Suffering,
of ourselves.

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2. Cakes Altered

I am the Destiny's grass,
cut off by the Illusion of Death,
from which I have knit,
Crucifixions, of, Dreams,
whose crowns of thorns,
of the Adultery,
of the Blood that deceived the World,
contaminated them with the smell of the Eternity,
from which we could at any time,
we to cut us a slice of Eternity,
if it would have not been,
the Bitter Taste,
of the Indifference of a God,
of the Cardboards of Words,
false and moldy,
Moist by the unconscious Tears,
of the Altered Cakes,
of Hopes,
from which we knelt us the Future,
forsaken by his own Past,
where we thought,
somewhere sometime,
that it can be and ours.

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3. We fed her with Death

How much Loneliness,
could kill,
the Hope,
of the Customs ?,
of a God,
who it was believed above,
of the altar of His own,
Love ?,
on which no wing of the Angel,
of Eternity,
would not have succeeded,
it to pick it up, of on the Dust of Day,
in which the despicable mire of a Word,
tried to whitewash a statue,
of the Absolute Truth,
sold to the Character of a God,
who always lost,
at the table of the Games of Luck,
of the Illusions of Happiness,
from which we would have wanted,

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we to crochet us, more Life,
than we were given to live,
on the Waves of the Prayers,
of some Churches of the Separation,
by the own Stranger of the Consciousness,
of the Immortality
from the Existence,
on which we fed her,
with Death.

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4. The Rain of Eternity

I wrote with the letters of the Clouds,
the Rain of Eternity,
which it wet your charismatic forehead of Love,
with the thorns of Words,
on which they started, to waste them,
the Glances of the Endlessly,
from the Hearts gnawed by the steps,
of the Moments past,
over the frozen bridges,
of the Illusions of Death,
from the wounded blood of the Happiness,
which adorns his Consciousness,
with the heat of some Illusions of the Life,
on which no Immortality,
would not give two money,
if was put,
to buy them,
through, the Fairs of Dreams,
dusty,
of the Existence,
our.

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5. Wound, of, Time

So far away,
by us,
we have found us the Illusions of Happiness,
that it had to,
to face our own Death,
which promised us,
that will take revenge on the Eternity,
what should have, to give it to us,
whereas,
none of its Moments,
they did not manage to wake up,
so Morning,
to wash on the eyes of the Sunrise,
long enough,
so as no longer to remain,
not even a single Wound of Time,
on to the corners of the eyelashes of some Hopes,
after the Sleep of the failed attempts,
which had kept them,
among the Nightmares of the Fulfillment,
all Night,
of before we were indebted,
with a Birth.

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6. Through the Mud of Dust

Brushwood broken,
from the Destiny,
of the own Illusions of Death,
on which must,
to we carry them,
on the back of the Compromise,
to warm us,
at the Sacred Fire of Vanity,
from the flames of Dreams to which,
to we raise Cathedrals of Passions,
enough,
as we to make from them,
the highways of the Happiness,
on which they to tread us,
the heavy lead steps,
of the Absurd,
without them becoming dirty,
or be bogged down,
through the Mud of Dust,
in which we have incarnated,
the Non-sense of the Existence.

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7. The hidden Vices of Freedom

Lead Days,
they stand patiently at the queue of Melting of Dreams,
for to be burned in the Crucibles of Forgetfulness,
from which they have feasted,
the Prides of the Future,
through the cold and insalubrious Cemeteries,
of the Words,
that barely gave birth to us,
the hidden Vices of Freedom,
in which we believed,
being convinced,
that it will embrace us,
with her adolescent air,
on which we will fly,
beyond us,
without we ever believing,
that she was older,
than the whole World,
which was collapsing at our feet,
we having to buy her a Crutch of Meanings,
on which to we can support it,
how many times will it be ready to fall,
from her Unhappiness,
in ours.

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8. He should have never let

Where can we die ?,
without making the whole roundabout,
of Illusions of Life,
which removes us,
in so much,
of what we should be,
even under the umbrella of this existential Nonsense,
which is the World in which we live the Illusions,
that instead of we becoming the creators of a God,
who should have never let,
the Original Sins, in this World,
we created one of them,
who to beat ruthlessly,
any disobedience from the canons,
of His greed and prides.

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9. In the mire of some Steps of Time

Hot,
the Soul begins to boil,
on the Heat of expectation,
of, ourselves,
transformed from the stellar powder,
of a corrupt Destiny,
in the mire, of some Time Steps,
which are trampled in the feet of the Inferno,
some on others,
running,
without any target,
on the wrinkled forehead of a World,
more stranger, than,
the Stranger from ourselves,
on which we will not meet him, never really
even if he was born and will die,
once with the Thoughts and Dreams,
our.

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10. We were forced to dance

We were forced to dance,
with all,
the Illusions of Life, Happiness and Death,
at the same prom,
where is delighted, our Destiny,
escaped from the prisons of Nothingness,
from which God has built,
his Empire of tranquility,
then when he was comprised by Remorses,
regarding the World,
which he sowed it,
on the sand of the desert,
from our Souls,
what they seem,
that they have never been born.

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**11. In the Showcases of Souls arranged
without taste**

I feel how,
the cold and wry Palms of the Horizon,
they strongly hit the Time,
which tries to close him,
in the Night of his Future,
on which he bought it,
from the Fair of Dreams,
of the Destiny,
which has come to make the law,
on the streets forgotten by the Steps,
of a World,
what she does not even know,
if it is still ours,
or,
where it goes,
since when the Times have dizzy her,
with the poisoned drugs of the Prides,
which they have shown every time,
in the Showcases arranged without taste,
of the Souls.

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12. For to steal them the Eternities

Give me back the glow of the star,
which gave birth to my Being,
stolen by a Destiny,
hesitant and stranger,
by me myself,
which killed my Moments,
for to steal them the Eternities,
as to be spent,
at the Brothel of Time of some Hopes,
on which no Fulfillment,
it would never have wanted them,
to flow through the veins,
of the Stranger from me.

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13. To I Wander me

It was drowned my Sunrise,
in the Light of Remembrance,
and then,
when I tried to save him,
I saw how it pulls me,
increasingly stronger,
in the Dark depths,
of the Absolute Truth,
on which I wanted them so much,
that I tried to understand him,
to love him,
but it was inert,
lacking Feelings,
of profoundness,
being a barren math,
which gave birth, a Sense of Concreteness,
without even the slightest Wandering,
from Exactness,
and then,
I've understood,

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that I would not have wanted to know him, never,
so cold and insensitive was,
that I wanted,
more than anything else,
the Illusions of Life, Happiness and Death,
which I hated them, somewhere- sometime,
in a World,
which, I thought,
that it does not belong to me,
not knowing then,
how much I needed,
to I Wander me.

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14. They knock in the Window of Heaven

Withered branches,
of Feelings,
they knock in my Window, of, Heaven,
of the Soul,
begging the mercy of some Moment,
which still to give them,
at least,
a detail how small,
from the Chlorophyll of the Illusion of Life,
through which,
it to can imagine his childhood,
when were happy buds,
blowed by the wind of a Spring,
of the Dreams,
which they seemed,
that they can never separate,
of, Eternity.

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15. The Crematory of vain Hopes

The ditches of Mentalities,
they furrowing,
the calloused palms of the Consumption Societies,
which consumes us on ourselves,
until it remains,
only a candle of Dust,
of all the words which I have spoken,
through the veins of the Illusions of Life,
Happiness and Death,
which were burned once with us,
in the Crematory of vain Hopes,
built by a World,
of the Sacred Fire,
whose fuel,
is our own Birth.

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16. The broken icon of Destiny

Wounds of Memories,
they bleed,
over the sunsets of the Gods,
of some Nightmares,
which they have saved us, the Time,
by, our own Moments,
bringing him offerings,
of, Original Sins,
to the Illusions of Happiness,
on which we have put them,
in the Cathedrals of Hearts,
where even today,
we pray to a God,
which we have never understood him,
to he let us the broken icon of Destiny,
hanging,
on the walls sick of Longing,
of the Souls,
even if barely,
can be recognized,
the faces of the Saints of Love,
between her frames.

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17. Sufficient of many Lattice

The washed thoughts,
in the Whirlpool of Prides,
of a God,
who wants so much cleanliness,
among the Illusions of Life and Death,
that, he created for these,
sufficient of many Lattice,
of the Original Sins,
which to be able to comprise,
with their Sufferings,
the whole World of the imaginary,
of some Nightmares,
which we shall call them,
the Loves,
of Societies of Consumed,
the Illusions of Happiness.

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18. On wandering paths of the Separations

Bells of summons,
at the Judgment,
of the Illusions of Life, Happiness and Death,
break the Windows of the Heavens,
which have predestined us,
the Original Sins,
as, the handcuffs which we will wear them,
regardless of fault,
the whole Existence of Vanity,
which was conceived,
to gnaw us the Souls,
long enough,
so that it can build,
from the dust of their disintegration,
fuel for the sowing of the Suffering,
for to feed, with this,
the Eternity,
at the table of Inferno of a Paradise,
where he is often invited,
and the Existential Nonsense,
by the Holy Fathers,
of the lost Loves,
on wandering paths,
of the Separations,
of ourselves.

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19. The Sense of Perdition

So much Gratitude,
to have had,
face of, the God,
created after the face and likeness,
of our Love,
that we did not succeed,
to we conceive, ever,
the difference between Illusion and Truth ?,
what it haunts us the veins of the Moments,
in search of the hidden Stranger from us,
who however much he would like,
he will never look into our eyes,
not because some of us,
we would have any blame,
but because we have lost us the Sense,
of our own Perdition,
on which we will no longer find out him, never,
because this one has become,
ourselves.

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**20. The Cup of Immortality of Paradise of
an Inferno**

Wings of Life,
of the Future,
kisses the dark Heaven of Death,
on the stretches of Eternities of Moments,
over which it falls,
the Night of Memories,
piercing with the claws of the Destiny,
the Dust of your Glance,
of which the Time,
has created,
at the table of the potter of this Existence,
the Cup of Immortality,
of the Paradise of an Inferno,
from which I will drink the Water of Love,
when I'm thirsty of your Heart,
without ever being able to break her,
by the forehead of Happiness,
so that, her shards,
to bring me the Luck,
of the meeting with the own Stranger,
from me myself,
the only one who can know,
why I love.

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21. Objects of Worship

Thrown into the Endlessness of an Universe,
which we burn him,
with the Glances of a World,
which he can not understand her,
but which continues to close us,
the Illusions,
of Happiness, Life and Death,
through the prisons of lead,
of the Wings of Dreams,
on which we want to we fly,
beyond the Melting Matrices,
some Feelings,
in which we crash,
next to the Original Sins,
of a God,
stranger,
for to become,
Objects of Worship,
of an Inferno,
for which we were predestined.

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22. From the bodies of the Clouds of Dreams

Days of grass mowed,
and thrown
in the rotted baskets of the Glances,
for to be carried,
toward the sharp teeth of Suffering,
of on the slippery lips,
from the bodies of the Clouds of Dreams,
which, they will snowing,
with the Ice of the Forgetfulness,
over the Thorns of Feelings,
which, they will no longer pierce,
with their Remembrance,
not even one Longing,
of any former,
Deception.

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23. Only the Caravans of Forgetfulness

Acacia of the flowers of Memory,
falls from the Spring of Glances,
in the deserts hit by the winds of Destiny,
where have remained,
only the Caravans of Forgetfulness,
which carry the offerings,
to the dead Moments from ourselves,
those who are sacrificed on the pyre of a Day,
which wanted to believe,
in her own Vanity,
on which wanted,
to let her prey,
to the God who created it,
which is why, she was killed,
with the stones of Time,
by, the Absolute Truth,
which does not bear in any way,
he to be shown with the finger,
in all his soul nakedness.

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24. Collapsed in the chasm of Wandering

I would return again,
toward the Ocean's Eyes,
from the soul of God,
who I have forsaken him,
at Birth,
when I started to believe,
that I drink the Water of Life,
without understanding the Illusions,
who they got me drunk
with their strong air,
of Unhappiness and Disgust,
what have become to me,
existential pillars,
until I arrived,
I to ask the Sense,
why falls?,
and no longer has the power,
it to support my,
the Death,
collapsed
in the chasm of Wandering,
where he calls me and now,
the desperate Stranger from me.

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25. Cemetery of Meanings

At the Mill, of grinding, Words,
were brought counterfeited Tears,
on which to spices them,
the Time,
with all kinds of bizarre tastes,
so pleasant to the Moments,
who want to try new sensations,
not knowing that all these,
are wasting them Eternity,
killing them the Purpose,
of to give birth in their bodies,
to the Illusions of Life, Happiness and Death,
which to feed the Pride of Existence,
which we shall take it,
on the shoulders of Deceptions,
up to the top of the mountain,
of a Cemetery of Meanings,
which to fulfill us, thus,
the Destiny.

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26. Has washed us the Existence

Tell me,
which of the Dreams of your Eternity
they would fit,
in the Illusions of Death and Life from me,
stolen by the Savior of some Words,
on which no Separation,
would not put them on the Roof,
of Freedom to be ourselves,
those who have been mutilated by the Longing,
which washed us the Existence,
until it became,
much more lonely,
than the Death,
who gave us the Love,
of a Salvation,
on which has denied it,
the Savior,
under whose mantle we loved us,
being,
so full,
of Swords,

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of the Illusions,
our own,
Existence,
which have stung us,
the own Blood of Destiny,
until we remained inert,
on the pavement of Existence,
which it could not conceive us,
Parted.

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27. From my own Sacrifice

I'm so much Death,
without your Life,
my God!,
created from my own Sacrifice,
of the Immortality,
from which I conceived my Soul,
that no Illusion of the Separation,
can not to help my,
the Birth,
of Eternity,
which I give you,
on the Wings of Endlessness,
Freedom,
from which I built for me,
the Regret,
knowing I will lose you,
Becoming,
at the Sunrise,
of Death,
of new Souls,
what they will become,
coming over the Future,
of the Absolute Truth,
of the Your Happiness,

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my Nephews,
from which I have built for me,
the Immortality
of Your Religion,
which I will name them as being,
the Saints of my own
Existence,
of the Tears,
from which the Distaff of Dreams,
they will weave their Future,
of the Memory,
through the Tombs of some Words,
on which,
I will never exclaim them again,
to the Souls
their,
being Illusions,
of the Death, Happiness, and Life.

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28. Through the railway Station, of Feelings

Renegated by it own Religion,
the Death
it returned among the Veins,
of Wanderings of Words,
in which we have not succeeded to find us,
the Tombs of the Glances,
from which we to make us,
Meetings,
which we will never respect them,
through the railway Station, of Feelings
where the locomotives of Dreams,
are fed with the Crimes,
of the Eyes of Longing,
of, ourselves
those so wandering,
by the Sufferings of Moments,
from which we have made us,
Knives of Love,
on which we will stab them,

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in the face of the Absolute Truth,
of the our own Cemetery,
of Glances scattered,
and torn,
among the Vanities,
of the Words,
of the Illusions of Happiness,
from ourselves.

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29. When you told me

Let to me, Lord,
the Illusions of Death,
to warm me up,
the Salvation by me myself,
the one trampled by the feet of a Religion,
of the Love,
which I have never succeeded,
to understand her,
when you told me,
why the Weight,
of an entire Universe,
can tread,
in the feet of Immortality,
over the Destiny of a single Meaning,
on which neither a Vanity,
would never succeed,
to can die,
beyond the Absolute Truth,
of Happiness.

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30. The Calvary of Salvation

Tears of Horizons,
fall over the Frontiers of Time,
from which we recapture,
the Moments killed,
by the Calvary of Salvation,
so many Cathedrals,
of Loves,
from ourselves,
in which we no longer believe,
of longer time than,
all Times,
which I killed them
in the Heart of Absolute Truth,
of the Immortality,
where Nobody, would ever want,
to he considers, as being,
our last Chance,
of the Future,
of which we hung us,
the Illusions of Life, Happiness and Death,
through the veins of which,
we still live and Today.

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31. Your World

Teach me to fly,
among the Cemeteries of Dreams,
my God,
without ever I collapsing,
over the Words of Creation,
through which, you have made,
enough much Death,
for us,
so that,
to I no longer be able to leave, ever
Your World,
from which we have made us,
enough Life,
that we will learn,
what namely is the Illusion,
of Immortality.

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32. Happiness of the Clouds

I gave you the Eternity,
of my Existence,
through whose Mud,
I've come, to can kiss,
the Illusion of Death,
on the waves of which,
I can still understand,
Happiness of the Clouds,
which rains me,
with the Absolute Truth,
from, the Love,
which we have lost her,
at the Lottery of Luck of Despair,
if you remember,
we were,
only us two and Death,
who promised us,
that we will live,
long enough,
so that the Life will give us,
all its Illusions and regrets,

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until we will have,
enough much,
Eternities, of, Moments,
so that we can buy,
a place of grave,
of all Prides,
at which we have made us the rates,
through the Banks of the Illusions of Happiness.

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33. Will I be able to swim

How will I be able to swim,
towards the Future of a Time,
which has never wanted,
to recognize,
the Birth certificate,
of the Moment,
of a Creation,
which cried out us the Vanity,
of to be stolen without we wanting
the identities of the Illusions of Life and Death,
of a Happiness
on which has felt her, only,
the Eternity,
of our Souls,
from before it existed,
the Absolute Truth.

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34. Where we had reached

And then,
I kneeled,
at the feet of the Glances,
not knowing how much Eternity,
I would lose,
among the Icons of the Words,
in the Frames of which,
we were born,
the Immortality
to which we have prayed,
kissing the Walls of the Promises,
until, the Tears,
of the Absolute Truth,
they began to seep
over the Destinies,
which I left them on the Sill,
of Dreams,
which still have longer treated us
with the strength of Heavens,
of all the Words of a World,
where we had reached,
so drunks by ourselves, that,
nor to we die,
we were no longer capable,
to learn.

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35. At the soles of some Years

I was so Alone of you,
Eternity,
of the Feeling,
that neither the Illusions of Death,
they did no longer succeed,
to they believe,
in the Moment of Happiness,
which I have framed it,
in the Absolute Truth,
of the Glances of the Longing,
from the Immortality,
what flowed me through the veins,
of the Eyes of Heaven,
the drowned one,
of so much Love,
that no Day,
from the Soul of the Sunrises,
of your Thoughts,
can not give it to me anymore,
back, ever
then when,

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the God,
on which nor a Sigh of ours,
it did not create Him,
to be able to do this gesture,
of to fall,
at the soles of some Years,
on which he will implore them,
to they no longer be,
they themselves,
Never,
without us.

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36. I'm just a Moment of your Soul

No matter how hard it would be to you
when you will kill,
in Oblivion,
the Eternal Moments,
through which I gave you Life,
to you know that I'm just a Moment,
of your Soul,
who met with our Destiny,
through which,
I would not have wanted for anything in the World,
to I become,
the Time of your Immortality,
so perfidious,
and, starved,
by each of us,
that he has devoured me, even on me,
without ever wanting,
this.

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37. So sensitive

Why,
only then,
when we, feel on the God wounded,
we manage to understand,
how guilty,
we were when we have created Him,
so sensitive,
to all Promises,
of the Vices and Passions,
who are still building up today,
whole cathedrals of Feelings,
which to be sold at overpayment,
through the shop windows of the Times,
what they seem to be lacking of
the Meaning of own Time,
from which we will never learn,
to we truly die,
as it dies us in every Moment,
the Life.

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38. Cannibal

Claws of ivory,
polished by Time,
they dig, the mournful Future,
of the late Twilight,
shipwrecked on the Blood,
handcuffed by the Storm,
of a Doubt of Lead,
which pulls me,
in the depths of Creation,
heavy and overwhelmingly,
of the mathematics of the Genes,
who have mistaken, themselves,
in so much the calculations,
that we have become,
a Society of Consumption,
cannibal.

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- philosophical poems-

39. Communication

Pulleys, of, Commas,
they draw from the dark depths,
of the Vocabulary,
a pause,
through which the Word,
which made the World,
can breathe a little longer,
before,
to be put back to the yoke,
which has handcuffed us,
the lost Glances,
in own Wilderness,
of the Communication,
from which we have succeeded,
to we make a real Art,
of the Illusions of Death,
of ourselves.

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- philosophical poems-

40. Indicators of Orientation

We were born,
Indicators of Orientation
in the World of Wanderings,
for to give the news to the Moments,
on what paths of the Destinies,
can catch us,
the Time,
which starts every time,
at the exact hour,
toward the Illusions of Life, Death and Happiness,
carrying with the train of its Vanity,
all Kneadings of the dough,
from which has leavened,
the dust of our incarnation.

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41. God complains

The God of our Conscience,
he began to complain,
not because the World of his creation,
would be wrong,
that the zodiac Signs of the Moments die,
throwing away their Eternities,
and once with these,
on the broken windows,
of, Sky,
among the shards, of Words,
remain only the Eyes of the Days ,
empty and careless,
of so many Illusions of the Happiness.

God complains,
because it's too big,
the heat of Vanity in the Inferno,
and Demons of Feelings,
they work at the boilers with pitch,
of the Illusions of Life, Death and Happiness,
at a temperature of the Passions,
which could affect their health,
of their own occupations,
which, they torture,
the Souls of ruined Cathedrals,
from the Hearts that still beat in us,
the Memory.

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42. Prosperity of Illusions

We are born Icons of Moments,
in a dusty Fair, of Stars,
where nobody buys us,
as to they frame us,
the Eternity
on which to put her,
hanging,
of, girder of the Luck,
as to bring him prosperity,
through the Illusions of our Happiness,
from the house of Death,
through which haunts,
absolute,
any, Time,
once,
in his Life.

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43. The gangrene of a Mysticism

Caravans decomposed by Images,
haunts the deserted Desert of the Memories,
of a World about which,
we do not know if it exists
after we will die,
when the Illusions of Death,
they will no longer delight their life,
full of gangrene,
of a Mysticism,
lascivious,
of the caverns of Thinking,
of where he evolved toward the search for Happiness,
the Nonsense existential.

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44. Which it fits us

To know,
it means above all,
to not be aware,
by the Illusions of Existence,
but, to crochet them,
after a precise mathematics,
of a pattern of the Destiny,
in the matrix of which,
to we melt us,
the whole lead of the Senses,
from which we will create us,
each,
according to its own measure,
the Death,
which it fits us.

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45. Aspirations of Time

Secrets well guarded,
by the Original Sins of Vanities,
they hit us daily,
with the whip of Illusions of Existence,
which we breathe it,
as strangled as possible,
sweaty,
by the own Aspirations of Time,
on whose faces,
embroidered with Sufferings,
we carry us, the Illusions of Happiness,
drinking them to the end,
the heated blood of Risks,
from the depths of which,
it smiles us,
the Death.

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46. Histories have fun

The bizarre planets of Questions,
they rotate the spaces of the Existential Illusions,
until they get dizzy,
as later,
to climb them,
on the vigorous backs of Original Sins,
in order to ride them,
until beyond the World of Senses,
where they still stand decomposed,
the Answers,
to the prayers of the World of beyond,
in which we are saved to believe,
until we will understand,
that we never truly have existed,
that we are a dream like any other,
only that this nightmare,
it extends over entire generations,
where Histories have fun,
for their own pleasure,
because Death,
is not interested,
the way its merchandise are sold,
with which it nourishes,
the Prides,
but, of, the quantity and quality,
them.

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47. As is his image

Not Life,
is that which gives us the characteristics of Destiny,
but, Death,
because only the World of Beyond,
may condition how to receive us,
after we have expiated us the punishment of Body,
tight from the Dust of Vanity,
over which it rains,
with the Original Sins,
of an insensitive and mentally unstable God,
what he wants to transform us,
in a mud, thinker and loving,
of Absurd,
on which to he can model him, as easily as possible,
as is his image and likeness.

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48. A magic wand

The fingers of bars of Knowledge,
they wear gloves,
because they want to hide their Fingerprints,
which steals us even and the Illusion of Happiness,
on which it uses,
for to make us believe,
that the World is just a magic wand,
on which we would not know to use it,
if they did not dig,
the Dust of our bodies,
with the fingernails of the Necessities,
of which we are addicted,
for to be the slaves subjected,
who they will never ask Questions,
to Life,
than to the Death,
who anyway receives us,
with the arms of its open Illusions,
toward the World of Beyond,
which it keeps hidden,
lest we find it
and to we realize that there is nothing else,
than a cheap mat,
which they would not buy it,
none of the Eternities of our Moments,
which we wasting them,
every Day.

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49. Little by little

How much Talent,
would have had the Destiny,
when he thought,
how to hierarchize us the World,
in such way,
that to please him,
the God,
created by us,
those so strangers,
by the own Self,
which they whip him daily,
the Illusions of Happiness, Life and Death,
to pull further,
the cart loaded with Vanity,
for to be brought as offerings,
at the Death,
of each Moments,
whose Eternities,
we cross them,
dying once with every bit of breath,
little by little.

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50. His Creators

How many Wounds of Light,
would have crossed us Souls,
until they have become incarnate,
in this bitter endof Universe,
where the Word of Creation,
is called Suffering,
because all the rest,
they fled from this place,
of Obligatory Original Sins,
which he introduces them to us forcefully,
a proud God,
who is in great need of slaves,
to worship him,
through the churches in ruins,
of the our Consciences,
without he knowing that we are actually,
His creators,
and not He,
our creator.

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51. Above the own Vanity

Stairs of Heaven,
they smile threatening,
toward the graves of Dreams,
stabbed,
by the macabre indifference,
of a Creation,
on which many,
they call it Love,
without knowing,
how much Inferno made her brightness,
which shouted silently,
after the Illusion of Happiness,
from which to make a roof,
above the own Vanity.

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52. On the wilderness of Creation

The Windows of Eyes of Heaven,
of the Consciousness,
they hid their,
in the beddings of the clouds of Memories,
the deleted Thoughts,
of the Sacred Fire,
from the lost Souls,
on the wilderness of Creation,
which has opened his account of Dreams,
in the Bank of Subconscious,
from where only Death,
it can take out its Illusions,
being put to preserved, the entire Existence,
of the Vanity.

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- philosophical poems-

53. To gather at least

We are born,
cactuses armored with the thorns of Destiny ,
resistant to lack of the Water of Life ,
through the arid deserts,
of Societies of Consumption the Existences,
more and more ruined,
by, the lack of Moments,
what they flow through the veins of the Necessities,
increasingly accentuated of the Times,
which want as quickly as possible,
to gather at least,
an Eternity of Illusions,
for to buy,
a whole parliament,
by the Prides of Absurds,
what have become properties,
whose fashion,
never change.

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- philosophical poems-

54. Which was injured

No matter how much I would carve,
in the image of God,
I do not think I would ever succeed,
to sculpt him the Eyes of the Universe,
Empty and unforgiving,
which deviates upon us,
lacked by the Divine Light,
of the magical Blinking,
from which it can to spring,
the Hope of a World,
which was injured,
so badly,
by His own Self,
that I decided,
to I create another God,
on which to I can look Him,
in the depths of his Being,
thus becoming,
more vivid than ever,
once placed,
in the church of my Soul.

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- philosophical poems-

55. Set in motion

Waves of flint,
they hit the abysses of existential Illusions,
sparking like the Sacred Fire.

The Energies of Cosmic Consciousnesses,
they set in motion,
the Time,
as the first sign of circulation,
of the values of Awareness,
of the Dimensions,
between the Glance of the Horizon,
and the Divine Light,
which rises from our depths,
toward the Heaven of the Universal Soul,
of the Faith,
in the Eternity of Feeling,
of an Universe,
of the Love.

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- philosophical poems-

56. Luxury coffin

Life came,
on horseback,
on the star of the Illusions of Death,
in the Sacred Paradise of the Inferno,
which was prepared for us,
brilliant and wistful,
through the chambers of Brothel of the Genes,
which, they accompanied the Vanity
ever since the beginnings of her Absurd,
caught in a diadem,
alongside the precious stones of Consciousness,
which have chiselled us the Diamond of Thoughts,
until they made from him,
a luxury coffin,
carried by the Destiny,
at the passing of Existence into nonbeing,
so that for us,
will remain us,
only the illusory and transfigured face of her,
in a World of Suffering.

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- philosophical poems-

57. For the shards of Clepsydras

The echoes of Absurd,
have crushed the rocks of Knowledge,
turning them into the sand of the Vanity,
used by Time,
for the shards of Clepsydras,
of his passing,
in which the Eternities cut its Moments,
for to empty them,
in the bottomless bag of a God,
who wants to sell them on nothing,
to the Death Illusions,
what they become slowly and surely,
more powerful than the entire Universe of Creation,
of the Illusions of Happiness,
to which we hope so often.

SORIN CERIN – OBJECTS OF WORSHIP
- philosophical poems-

58. The Cathedral of Soul of a Winner

The Rocks of the Thoughts begin to shatter,
under weight of the Day,
which tramples them impassively,
trying to catch its own Horizons,
what they seem drowned, in the Blood of the Dawn,
which barely its washes the Eyes of Heavens,
with a cold and noisy rain of Questions,
for to delete them later,
with the towel of the Clouds of Hopes,
what barely have appeared on the steps of the Faith,
from the Cathedral of Soul,
of a Winner,
for which the Existence,
does not mean more,
than a banal leaf,
which trembles in the wind of the Moments.

SORIN CERIN – OBJECTS OF WORSHIP
- philosophical poems-

59. A simple comparison

Decomposed walls,
from the ruins of the Glances,
they still fall deep,
in the chasms of the Memories,
with all the weight it had,
their brilliance,
somewhere- sometime in an Existence,
where the Future,
he did not know he could have a Past,
and the Illusions of Death,
have not yet discovered them on those of Life,
from which to make the bars for the Souls,
what they would have wanted to escape,
beyond themselves,
where the Paradise,
to not be just a simple comparison,
of the Inferno,
of this World.

SORIN CERIN – OBJECTS OF WORSHIP
- philosophical poems-

60. Whose hurricanes

Without the Gods of the Illusions of Happiness,
the Existence would become,
a shipwrecked,
who never wants to reach the Shore,
where Loneliness would be more oppressive,
than the entire Ocean of Hopes,
which will cross him,
alongside the Illusions of Life and Death,
whose hurricanes,
often arouse,
the fury of the Waves of some Remorse,
Regrets and Anguish,
from the compromised Blood,
of our own Genes,
what they seem to not find the healing,
than in Faith.

SORIN CERIN – OBJECTS OF WORSHIP
- philosophical poems-

61. They Return

Replicas of the new earthquakes,
have torn the flesh of the absurd of Moment,
on which I have fried it,
for to feed us, the Prides,
whose nectar,
barely can more be collected,
by the bees of some Thoughts,
what, they want to build,
the honey of the bricks of some Words,
at the grandiose edifice of the Communication,
whose elevators of Aspirations,
seem more defective than all the Times, together,
and the mechanics,
of the regional or world Wars,
they fail to fix them,
whenever,
they Return.

SORIN CERIN – OBJECTS OF WORSHIP
- philosophical poems-

62. Which make the makeup of the Meanings

At the Market of Illusions of Happiness,
is great tumult,
because it is sold,
the whole range of cosmetics of the Words,
which make the makeup of the Meanings,
after the pleasure of the Prides,
that lie hidden,
after the thick and opaque drapes,
of some Moments,
which rents them,
for a bit of Past,
necessary to be able to pay in their turn,
the Future,
which has passed them on the notebook, the debts,
as against the Eternity,
which does not want to leave them, long enough,
in the rooms of its Dreams.

SORIN CERIN – OBJECTS OF WORSHIP
- philosophical poems-

63. They run, bloodied

The rebellious zodiac signs,
have sharpened the peaks of Time,
for to make their spears of fire,
on which to introduce them,
in the free horses of Dreams,
what they run, bloodied,
streaking the Sunsets of some Fulfillments,
what they still believe,
that they will be able to pull their,
chariots of fire,
of the Illusions of Happiness,
whose wheels, of Future,
seem stiff,
on the wandering axle,
of the Vanity.

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- philosophical poems-

64. The mocking mountains of the Destiny

I crossed,
whole lands of Illusions,
until I reached the Land of Promise,
of the eyes of Heaven,
under which to I refresh my,
the perfidious Wrinkles of Memory,
of a Future,
what burned me harder than,
the whole heat of Hope,
of to succeed to be I myself,
even then,
when I crossed,
the mocking mountains,
of the Destiny.

SORIN CERIN – OBJECTS OF WORSHIP
- philosophical poems-

65. The knees of a Humility

Steps of stairs, of Heaven,
divorced by the Steps of Fulfillments,
whose stairs seem to collapse,
in a God,
on which no Religion would have desired him,
because he was ours,
more humane than all the dehumanization,
of a false faith,
for which the Being is nothing else,
than the knees of a Humility,
which must be maintained,
above all else,
because it must become,
engine in gear to the maximum,
which propels the ship,
of the Illusions of this Existence,
for the good and greed,
to some profiteers.

SORIN CERIN – OBJECTS OF WORSHIP
- philosophical poems-

66. Bleeding us the Days

The riverbeds dried by Future
they deepen the Wrinkles of a Time,
cold and indifferent,
which no longer succeeds to believe,
not even in its own Illusions,
which have blessed his Moments,
then when these have given,
all their Eternities,
to the Existence,
what has crumbled them,
in an infinite number of sharp shards,
which have hurt us the Life,
bleeding us the Days,
increasingly decomposed,
on the tablecloths of Destinies.

SORIN CERIN – OBJECTS OF WORSHIP
- philosophical poems-

67. Zipper

The harnesses of Clouds,
they calm the Heaven of Words,
to not run beyond the Commas,
which could raise suspicions,
to the Illusions of Life, Happiness and Death,
about how far we could go,
so that we do not pull the Zipper,
of the Absolute Truth,
over the corpse of the World,
which is in continuous decomposition,
at, the Morgue of the Hopes,
which, they guided us,
the Destinies.

SORIN CERIN – OBJECTS OF WORSHIP

- philosophical poems-

68. The Soul Refrigerator

Deprived of Space,
from the Soul Refrigerator
sufficiently small or large,
for to be ourselves,
the Existence,
has cooked us Illusions of all kinds,
which they may be frozen,
packaged and assembled,
depending,
by the needs of each Suffering,
indifferent,
how obese or weak is,
when it trampled pressed,
over her own Destiny.

SORIN CERIN – OBJECTS OF WORSHIP
- philosophical poems-

69. Melted Dreams

Words of wax,
candles of melted Dreams,
they light up,
by the cold Night and full of storms,
of the Darkness in us,
become a cathedral of the Despondency
on the altar of which,
the Moments of Hopes are sacrificing,
in profound and passionate prayers,
of the lips of ice,
on which the question marks of Sufferings,
they say them incessantly,
to the Vanity.

SORIN CERIN – OBJECTS OF WORSHIP
- philosophical poems-

70. Even if he foresaw them?

How much debauchery,
God and would have imagined,
then when he created us,
that he and desired,
to exists,
so many Crimes, Wars and Lawlessness,
so that he can put them,
all at us,
on the note of payment of Destiny ?,
even if,
he foresaw them,
on all these?

SORIN CERIN – OBJECTS OF WORSHIP
- philosophical poems-

71. The Birth of New Moon

The rusted regrets of Memories,
fall from the tree of Illusions of Life,
it collapsing,
on the black and frozen asphalt,
of the Word,
on the street of which,
we met us, the Birth,
of the New Moon,
what will fulfill the Existence,
illuminating in the Night of Consciousness,
with one more Pain,
on which to put it on,
at the necklace of the Inferno of this World,
of the Nobody,
and of everyone,
in the same Time of Sufferings,
of some Vanities.

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- philosophical poems-

72. Over the Illusions of the World

Upset by the Prides,
the Earth from Glances,
has become an impenetrable rock,
for the wings of birds of prey,
of the Questions,
what have become,
more and more skinny,
that they collapse,
over the Illusions of the World,
which can no longer cope,
at so many flights,
which have become heavier,
than the lead of any Feelings,
on which the Being,
owes them to the Death.

SORIN CERIN – OBJECTS OF WORSHIP
- philosophical poems-

73. Which have predicted

The springs of Times,
they began to become more troubled,
since when the Water of Illusions of Life,
has been redirected,
toward the dams of Societies of Consumption,
which have predicted,
new Paradises of the Infernos,
from each,
the Being,
what it will feeds,
with the Cemeteries,
from the Words of the decomposed Births,
of the Future,
which is given us, as to we breath it,
by a Destiny,
of the Nobody,
being Conscious,
that only the atmosphere of that Time,
what will always come,
without ever being here,
that otherwise it would become Past,
the Present being non-existent,
can maintain the burning of Moments,
on our way,
toward Death.

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74. We will be able to recondition them

The hollows, of Thoughts,
have gnawed with strength the stalk of the Times,
who are accustomed to hide amongst,
the tenebrous depths of Murkiness,
which feed the Illusions of Death,
what have become,
so obese,
that they no longer enter entirely,
through the narrow corners of Suffering,
which is why they are forced,
they to accept the Illusions of Happiness,
which to cover them with their shadows,
from which we often do for us,
the garments for the Being,
what is still struggling,
among the remnants of the Moments,
of broken porcelain,
on which we collect them,
full of Hopes,
that on one day,
we will be able to recondition them.

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75. The Inferno, programmed

Heart struggles of some Desires,
kept in the cages of the Words,
whose bars can not be broken,
by none of the thorns,
on which the Saviors of Original Sins,
have braided them,
in the crowns of Illusions of Happiness,
of this World,
of the Inferno, programmed,
by a greedy and pretentious Paradise,
compared to his slaves,
who have become Beings,
through a Destiny,
which not only it did not belong to them ever,
but it will never be theirs.

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76. Will become for us the Creator

The luxury walls,
of the Vanities,
have entered in general cleanliness,
after what the sheltered Beings,
at the shadow of the Emptiness from Hearts,
they entered once,
with the Illusions of Happiness, Life, and Death,
in the quarantine of their own Destinies,
when they realized that the World,
is a great scam,
of an God, impostor,
which we have created him,
as to hide us from ourselves,
leaving in the end,
as, the Absolute Truth,
will become for us the Creator,
which will redesign,
the entire spiritual Space,
of the Existence.

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77. Among Icons of Moments

We run once with the Wind of Feeling,
arousing the storms of Dreams,
among Icons of Moments,
disinherited by God,
because they have not accepted to bathe,
in the boilers of pitch,
of the Inferno of this World,
along with the demons of the Vices,
which they crushed them,
with their own Eternities,
being conscious,
that so,
they will lose them once and for all,
and they will remain framed,
on the ruined walls of the cathedrals of some Souls,
about which,
neither a History,
no longer knows anything,
of long ago,
than all the Times together.

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